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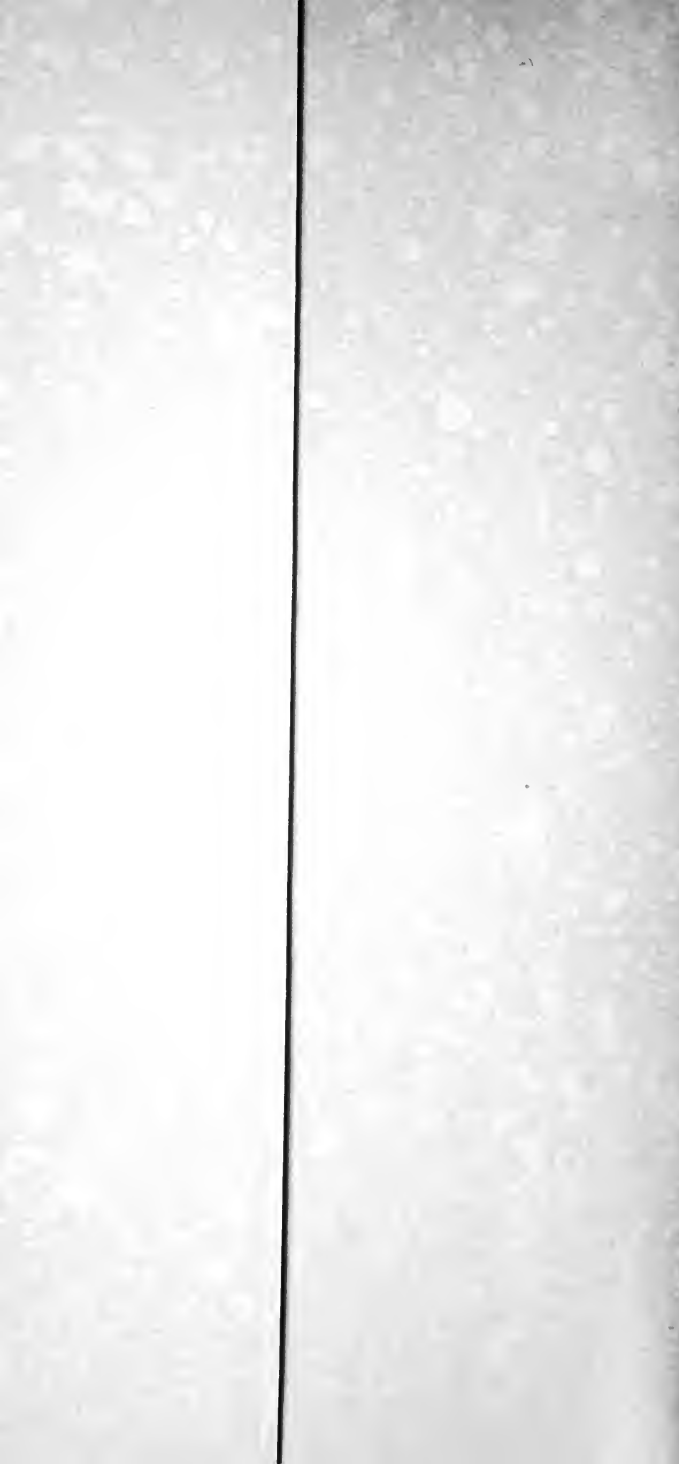


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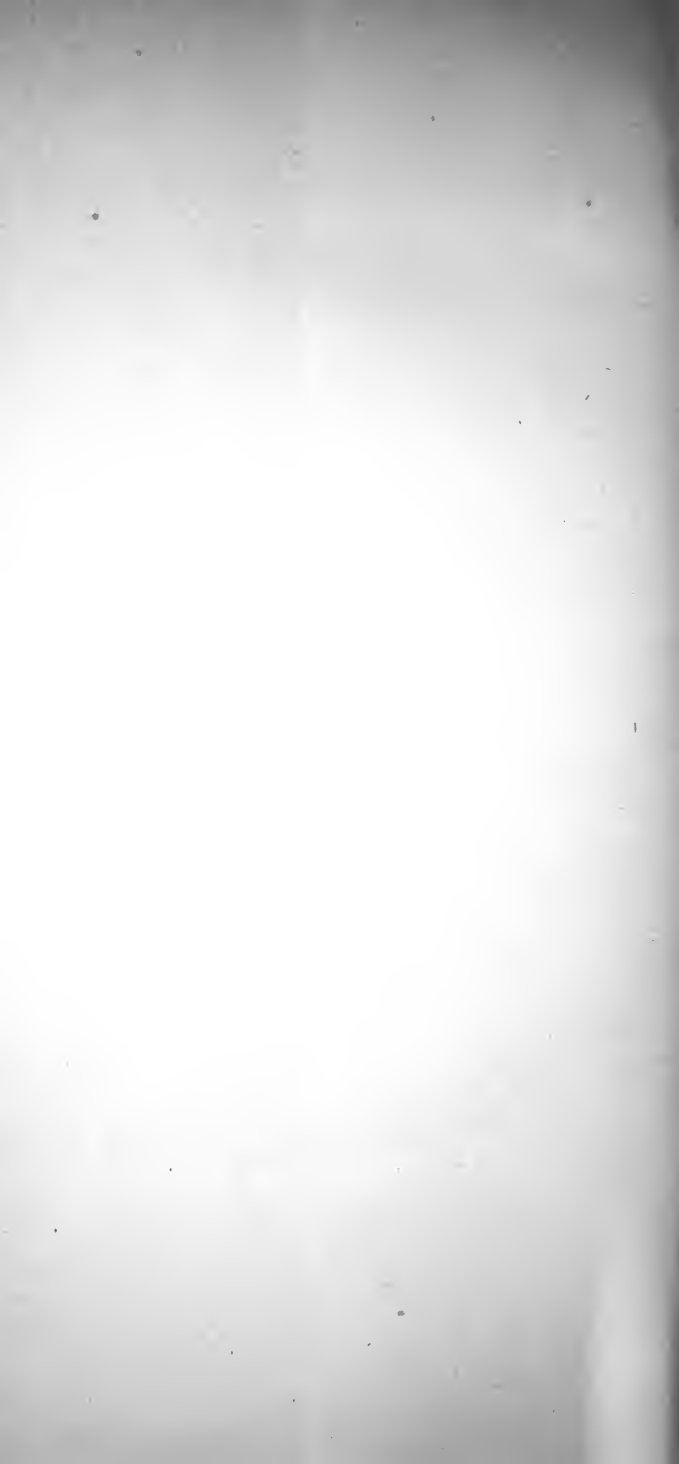
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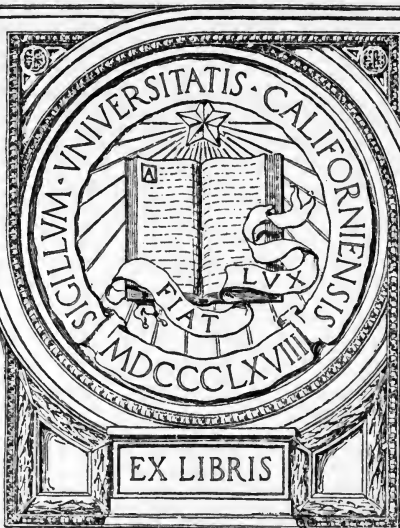






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*"A Book of Verses underneath the bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou
Beside Me singing in the Wilderness,
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow."
Omar Khayyam.*



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The Road to Fame

A Book of Verse

Frontispiece

By

Annie W. Brigham

Published by

A. C. McEwen

1898

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Printed by A. C. McEwen, Salt Lake City

Frontispiece
By
Annie W. Brigman

The Garden of Eden

"A Book of Verses"



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1910

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The sea is a molten pearl,
And pearl the fleckless sky;
The firstling leaves unfurl,
And the air is a fragrant sigh.

A bird's soft madrigal
In the peartree's blossoming;
High on the church-spire tall
A white dove preens her wing.

The elemental strife
Lost in a peace profound,
In sound of quickening life
That yet is scarcely sound.

One with the starry chime
Earth keeps her rhythmic beat—
Our mother, old as time,
With heart still young and sweet.

Ina Coolbrith.

The Moth of Time

Lo! this audacious vision of the dust—

This dream that it hath dreamt! Unresting wings,
Too strong for Time, too frail for timeless things!

Whence all thy thirst for God, thy piteous lust
For life to be when matter's chain shall rust?

What pact hast thou with the undying kings,
Silence and Death? What sibyl's counsellings
Assure thee that the eternal laws are just?

Nay! all thy hopes are nothing to the Night,
And justice but a figment of thy dream!

Upon the waste what wide mirages glow,
With hills that shift, and palms that mock the sight,

And cities on the desert's far extreme—
Those veils we name, and dare to think we know!

George Sterling.

Compensation

For every pang a thrill of joy,
For every sin a deed of grace,
For every curse a benison,
Somewhere, somehow, sometime.

This is my faith, that God is just,
That wrong shall be resolved in right,
That out of darkness breaks the light.

We would not have eternal day,
We would not have all happiness;
The shadows make the glow more bright,
The night-gloom glorifies the day,
And sorrow sanctifies our bliss.

So if this life seem mostly lost
In the dull reach of dreary gloom,
And if the good be bowed in dust,
What matters it, if God be just?

The great world-plan cannot be wrong,
In other lives, on other spheres
The good God justifies earth-tears,
And souls that suffer shall be blessed.

Charles Keeler

Truth's Dawn

Had truth not dawned—
There had been in my heart no little shrine
On which the flame of joy burns ceaselessly.
I had not known the way, pure and benign,
Nor soft-lipped peace, nor even hope were mine,
Had truth not dawned!

Had truth not dawned—
I had not understood that Love will keep
The spirit unconfined, the footsteps free
That tread the king's highway; nor known the sweep
Of life unending, changeless, love-crowned, deep,
Had truth not dawned!

Florence Ardman Miller



Charity

Thou art no slave nor diplomatic Sage,
Dissembling in no high nor servile guise.
The common lot of all is thy emprise,
The common weal of all thy tutelage.
No war of favors doth thy white hands wage.
The poorest waif or clod beneath the skies
Finds knightly favor in thy gentle eyes.
Thy soft caress a boon for youth and age.
Thou fair handmaid of God, supernal fount
Of love; thy tears like fadeless asphodels,
Bestrew earth's rugged path with fragrant grace.
Our solaced hearts forgetting oft to count
The many painful scars life's record tells—
Beguiled to patient trust by thy sweet face.

Mary Lamb

How Shall It Be?

How shall it be, when—some supernal morning,
Longed for, and given of God's abiding grace—
Borne by a breath, and with no note of warning,
On unknown paths, we two meet face to face.

So long it seems since you went sailing, sailing
Far on a sea that, yet, I may not cross;
So long, since pitying breeze brought back your hailing:
"Life is but love, and love is never loss."

And yet when dusks on all the hills are lying,
And ships creep homeward through the Golden Gate,
I call to you and hear your low replying:
"Sing and be glad, and still in patience wait."

Hester Dickinson

Retrospection

Ah, give me back my chain of childhood days
That now like scattered opals at my feet
Do lie; their lights at variance with the sweet
Of memories, and in the gathering haze
Of twilight thoughts, when hushed silence lays
A finger on my heart, it bids it beat
To melodies that urge my soul to meet
Those dear dream-voices of my happier ways.

To hold one hour that in remembrance lies
So that on slender, golden threads of years
I could string fancies of the long ago:
The time when fairies painted sunset skies
And I saw lights of rainbows through my tears,
For this—I'd give my all to have and know.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Two Songs

For me the Skylark never sang
Save soaring in the pages
Of Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson,
To sing for all the ages.
But ah, I've heard a Meadow-lark
From hedges, fields and fences,
Pour on the air his song of joy
When rosy dawn commences.

His rounded, mellow, soulful song,
Like full-sustained contralto,
Would blend in sweetest harmony—
The treble with his alto—
If with the Skylark he could sing,
Though never soaring high;
The one a love-song of the earth,
The other of the sky.

James Henry Mac Lafferty

At Twenty-One

At twenty-one the wildest tales are yet
As visions, credible; and thou canst let
Thy fancy roam at sweet unchequered will.
Naught in the world thou dar'st not do! No hill
Thou would'st not climb! No prizes too high set!

But in thy dreams and triumphs ne'er forget
The golden hour when falls love's mystic net
Around thy soul to set the blood a-thrill
At twenty-one.

Alas! What say I? Passions breed regret.
Who knows love's joy shall know her aching fret,
Unless the pulses of desire grow still.
And yet,—ah yet!—may thou the fate fulfill:
To find thyself in love's eternal debt
At twenty-one.

W. Elsworth Lawson.

Twilight in the Redwoods

The sun has slipped behind the mountain steep,
On whose thick, wooded slopes I linger yet,
Beneath the redwood's shadow, hushed and deep,
And full of night. For me the sun has set.

But suddenly the dusk is vibrant. Hark!
An oriole sings with lingering run and trill.
I raise my eyes. Across the cañon dark,
On distant slopes the sun is shining still.

Elizabeth Griswold Rowe.

The Old Gate

A gate deep-sunk in an adobe wall
Where creamy roses over red tiles fall,
Watered by her who waits with patient tears
For one delayed through twice a score of years.
Within the dark recesséd grateful shade
A phantom soldier greets a Spanish maid;
The rose from out her bosom planted there
His faith protested with a fragrance rare;
The maid coquetted, but she waits to-day;—
So pluck a rose and pass upon your way.

Lucia E. Smith

Spring

Small, kindling pulses in dry stems,
Green carpets on the lanes;
Bold, little, sudden winds that whirl,
And warm, sweet blustering rains—
The earth is warm, the heart is warm,
The gay acacia blows;
And lo! the lovely march of flowers
In glad procession goes.

Warren Cheney

Above the Clouds

'Mid white Sierras, that slope to the sea,
Lie turbulent lands. Go dwell in the skies,
And the thundering tongues of Yosemite
Shall persuade you to silence, and you shall be wise.

I but sing for the love of song and the few
Who love me first and shall love me last;
And the storm shall pass as the storms have passed,
For never were clouds but the sun came through.

A handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "John Muir". The script is fluid and cursive, with a large initial 'J' and a long, sweeping underline.

Tarantelle

A dazzling maze of dizzy, whirling sound,
Struck through with sudden chords of strenuous
strength,
Wherein the height and depth, and breadth and length
Of the hot Southern passion—Love unbound,
And Hate unleashed and risen from depths profound—
Are shadowed forth and limned by music's notes,
While round and o'er and through it all there floats
Soft air and sweet from far Italian ground.

This picture rises: 'Neath a wide stone-pine,
Fronting the Midland Sea's deep liquid blue,
Backed by th' escarpments of the Apennine,
On flowery carpet, pied and rich of hue,
While chimes the distant convent's vesper bell,
A youth and maiden dance the tarantelle.

A. W. Carruth

The God of the Dead

Up through Canton city,
Through the reek of rotting ills,
You come to the old Pagoda
Above the funeral hills.

Five-storied over the sleepers
Lying in crowded ways—
Some in a Buddhist heaven,
Some in a Buddhist blaze.

In the deserted courtyard,
The great stone idol grins,
Looking at grass-grown out-walls—
Thinking of Chinese sins.

Battered and stained and broken,
That grinning gray stone head,
Ugly as sin discovered—
Old as the oldest dead.

He waits, but they come never
To that old forsaken shrine,
And he dreams of the pungent incense
That curled, and the *sam shu* wine.

He waits with a heathen patience,
While the lizards dart in the sun,
And the trees spring up in the courtyard
But of the dead, there comes not one.

Margaret Dixon

At the Helm

If love, true love, is at the helm,
No matter how the storm may rage,
Our barques it ne'er can overwhelm,
In any clime or age.

Love holds the tempest in his hand;
The elements, his laws obey.
There is no power can love withstand,
And love is love alway.

It turns life's darkness into light,
It lightens even death's dark gloom.
It leads the soul to glorious height
And lives beyond the tomb.

Mary Cameron Benjamin

In Summer

Summer time in Arcady,
No one there with you and me.
Summer breezes, summer showers,
Dew-drops glist'ning on the flowers.
Naught care I, if we but be
All alone—in Arcady.

Summer time in Arcady,
In the garden fair, are three.
"Two's company, three's a bore,"
A fig for all such ancient lore!
When you and I, and Love the three
Who inhabit Arcady!

Amy Reginald Long.

The Worker and the Tramp

Villanelle

Heaven bless you, my friend—
You, the man who won't sweat;
Here's a quarter to spend.

Your course I commend,
Nor regard with regret;
Heaven bless you, my friend.

On you I depend
For my work, don't forget;
Here's a quarter to spend.

Ah! you comprehend
That I owe you a debt;
Here's a quarter to spend,
Heaven bless you, my friend.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Jack London". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial 'J' and a long, sweeping underline.

Slave Still

Thou claim'st this Earth thy birth-right, home,—and yet,
Not yet, strong, dignified in presence proud
Of King, Czar, Pope, or Lord bourgeois? Back, back
To chamber lone, poor Thrall! Purge, scourge thyself!
And stand self-franchised citizen with these!

Fredrick Douglass

Sunset

Over the sea runs a path of light,
A carpet of gold that the sight may tread
Into the west, toward the realm of night,
Losing itself in the dusky red.
Gossamer mists float over the spray,
Kissing the waves with their gentle rain;
While the sun calls back its last slant ray,
And sinks beneath the light-swept main.

Philip Alexander

The Redwood Tree

When the Power, that out of chaos,
Wrought from mist to God-like man,
As a scroll before the Maker
Stretched the great, immortal plan;
And the wonders of the heavens
Were unrolled so full and free,
In His love for man and beauty
God designed the Redwood tree.

Frances C. Fulton

The Way

Hungered is thy heart-life?
Would'st thou richly live?
Scant tho' all thy holdings—
GIVE.

Restless is thy spirit?
Why Life's purpose shirk?
Find thy task and humbly
WORK.

On to larger living,
Counting not the throe,
With thy soul aspiring
GROW.

Cyrus J. Laddie.

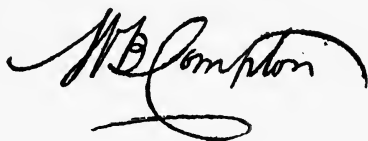
Morphia

Come, sleep-eyed boy! Let thy spell fall.
Lead—lead me on through cloistered hall,
Or classic ruin, 'neath mouldering wall.
Oh, sound again the witching call!

Ay, waft me with thy subtle spell
O'er lake, o'er mountain, fen or fell,
To flowery glades where dryads dwell,
Where wilds resounds with satyr's yell.

Love waits with rampant pulse divine,
With kiss on lips like ruddy wine,
With cheeks aglow and eyes ashine,
And whispers low through leaf and vine.

Come! And from out thy leafy wold
Bring fabled brew in cup of gold.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "M. B. Compton". The signature is written in dark ink and features a large, sweeping flourish at the end.

The Road to Fame

Yon lies the goal, across the sun-scorched plain!
No primrose path invites the pilgrim band;
At every step the blood-red flower of Pain,
Set 'round with thorns, springs from the burning sand.

J. Torrey Connor.

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